

THE

Children's Miscellany.

PART III.

CHILDREN'S BOOK
COLLECTION



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THE
Children's Miscellany ;

CONSISTING OF

Select Stories, Fables, and Dialogues,

FOR

The Instruction and Amusement of Young Persons.

PART III.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR THOMAS BLAND, SHEFFIELD ;
AND MUNDELL & SON, EDINBURGH.

1796.

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The returned Wanderer.

IT was a delightful evening about the end of August. The sun setting in a pure sky, illuminated the tops of the western hills, and tipped the opposite trees with a yellow lustre.

A traveller, with sun-burnt cheeks and dusty feet, strong and active, having a knapsack at his back, had gained the summit of a steep ascent and stood gazing on the plain below.

Edward (that was the traveller's name) dropt on one knee, and clasping his hands, exclaimed, "Welcome, welcome, my dear native land! Many a sweet spot have I seen since I left thee, but none so sweet as thou! Never has thy dear image been out of my memory; and now, with what transport do I retrace all thy charms. O receive me again, never more to quit thee."

So saying, he threw himself on the turf, and having kissed it, rose and proceeded on his journey.

As he descended into the plain, he overtook a little group of children, merrily walking along the path, and stopping now and then to gather berries in the hedge.

"Where are you going, my dears?" said Edward.

"We are going home," they all replied.

"And where is that?"

"Why, to Summerton, that town there among the trees, just before us. Don't you see it?"

"I see it well," answered Edward, the tear standing in his eye.

"And what is your name—and yours—and yours?"

The little innocents told their names. Edward's heart leaped at the well-known sounds.

"And what is *your* name, my dear?" said he to a pretty girl, somewhat older than the rest, who hung back shily, and held the hand of a ruddy white-headed boy, just breeched.

“ It is Rose Walsingham, and this is my youngest brother, Roger.”

“ *Walsingham!* Edward clasped the girl round the neck, and surprised her with two or three very close kisses. He then lifted up little Roger, and almost devoured him. Roger seemed as if he wanted to be set down again, but Edward told him he would carry him home.

“ And can you show me the house you live at, Rose?” said Edward.

“ Yes—it is just there, beside the pond, with the great barn before it, and the orchard behind.”

“ And will you take me home with you, Rose?”

“ If you please,” answered Rose, hesitatingly.

They walked on. Edward said but little, for his heart was full, but he frequently kissed little Roger.

Coming at length to a stile, from which a path led across a little close, “ This is the way to our house,” said Rose.

The other children parted. Edward set down Roger, and got over the stile. He still, however, kept hold of the boy's hand. He trembled, and looked wildly around him.

When they approached the house, an old mastiff came running to meet the children. He looked up at Edward rather sourly, and gave a little growl; when all at once his countenance changed; he leaped upon him, licked his hand, wagged his tail, murmured in a soft voice, and seemed quite overcome with joy. Edward stooped down, patted his head, and cried, "poor Captain, what, are you alive yet?" Rose was surprised that the stranger and their dog should know one another.

They all entered the house together. A good-looking middle-aged woman was busied in preparing articles of cookery, assisted by her grown-up daughter. She spoke to the children as they came in, and casting a look of some surprise on Edward, asked him what his business was.

Edward was some time silent; at length with a faltering voice he cried, "Have you forgot me, mother?"

"Edward! my son Edward!" exclaimed the good woman. And they were instantly locked in each other's arms.

"My brother Edward?" said Molly; and took her turn for an embrace as soon as her mother gave her room.

"Are you my brother?" said Rose. "That I am," replied Edward with another kiss. Little Roger looked hard at him, but said nothing.

News of Edward's arrival soon flew across the yard, and in came from the barn his father, his next brother Thomas, and the third, William. The father fell on his neck, and sobbed out his welcome and blessing. Edward had not hands enow for them all to shake.

An aged white-headed labourer came in, and held out his shrivelled hand. Edward gave it a hearty squeeze. "God blefs you," said old

Isaac ; “ this is the best day I have seen this
 “ many a year.”

“ And where have you been this long
 while ? ” cried the father. — “ Eight years and
 “ more,” added the mother.

His elder brother took off his knapsack ; and
 Molly drew him a chair. Edward seated him-
 self, and they all gathered round him. The
 old dog got within the circle, and lay at his
 feet.

“ O, how glad I am to see you all again ! ”
 were Edward’s first words. “ How well you
 look, mother ! but father’s grown thinner. As
 for the rest, I should have known none of them,
 unless it were Thomas and old Isaac.”

“ What a sun-burnt face you have got ! —
 but you look brave and hearty,” cried his mo-
 ther.

“ Ay, mother, I have been enough in the
 sun, I assure you. From seventeen to five and
 twenty I have been a wanderer upon the face
 of the earth, and I have seen more in that

time than most men in the course of their lives.

“ Our young landlord, you know, took such a liking to me at school, that he would have me go with him on his travels. We went through most of the countries of Europe, and at last to Naples, where my poor master took a fever and died. I never knew what grief was till then ; and I believe the thoughts of leaving me in a strange country went as much to his heart as his illness. An intimate acquaintance of his, a rich young West Indian, seeing my distress, engaged me to go with him in a voyage he was about to take to Jamaica. We were too short a time in England before we sailed, for me to come and see you first, but I wrote you a letter from the Downs.”

“ We never received it,” said his father.

“ That was a pity,” returned Edward ; “ for you must have concluded I was either dead, or had forgotten you. Well—we arrived safe in the West Indies, and there I staid

till I had buried that master too; for young men die fast in that country. I was very well treated, but I could never like the place; and yet Jamaica is a very fine island, and has many good people in it. But for me, used to see free men work cheerfully along with their masters—to behold nothing but droves of black slaves in the fields, toiling in the burning sun under the constant dread of the lash of hard-hearted task-masters;—it was what I could not bring myself to bear; and though I might have been made an overseer of a plantation, I chose rather to live in a town, and follow some domestic occupation. I could soon have got rich here; but I fell into a bad state of health, and people were dying all round me of the yellow fever; so I collected my little property, and though a war had broke out, I ventured to embark with it for England.

“ The ship was taken and carried into the Havanna, and I lost my all, and my liberty besides. However, I had the good fortune to in-

gratiate myself with a Spanish merchant whom I had known at Jamaica, and he took me with him to the continent of South America. I visited great part of this country, once possessed by flourishing and independent nations, but now groaning under the severe yoke of their haughty conquerors. I saw those famous gold and silver mines, where the poor natives work naked, for ever shut out from the light of day, in order that the wealth of their unhappy land may go to spread luxury and corruption throughout the remotest regions of Europe.

“ I accompanied my master across the great southern ocean, a voyage of some months without the sight of any thing but water and sky. We came to the rich city of Manilla, the capital of the Spanish settlements in those parts. There I had my liberty restored, along with a handsome reward for my services. I got from thence to China; and from China, to the English settlements in the East Indies, where the sight of my countrymen, and the sounds of my native

tongue, made me fancy myself almost at home again, though still separated by half the globe. " Here I saw a delightful country, swarming with industrious inhabitants, some cultivating the land, others employed in manufactures, but of so gentle and amiable a disposition, that they have always fallen under the yoke of their invaders. Here how was I forced to blush for my countrymen, whose avarice and rapacity so often have laid waste this fair land, and brought on it all the horrors of famine and desolation ! I have seen human creatures quarrelling like dogs for bare bones thrown upon a dunghill. I have seen fathers selling their families for a little rice, and mothers entreating strangers to take their children for slaves that they might not die of hunger. In the midst of such scenes, I saw pomp and luxury of which our country affords no examples.

" Having remained here a considerable time, I gladly at length set my face homewards, and

joined a company who undertook the long and perilous journey to Europe over land. We crossed vast tracts, both desert and cultivated; sandy plains parched with heat and drought, and infested with bands of ferocious plunderers. I have seen a well of muddy water more valued than ten camel-loads of treasure; and a few half-naked horsemen strike more terror than a king with all his guards. At length, after numberless hardships and dangers, we arrived at civilized Europe, and forgot all we had suffered. As I came nearer my native land, I grew more and more impatient to reach it; and when I had set foot on it, I was still more restless till I could see again my beloved home.

“ Here I am at last—happy in bringing back a sound constitution and a clear conscience. I have also brought enough of the relicks of my honest gains to furnish a little farm in the neighbourhood, where I mean to sit down, and spend my days in the midst of those whom I love better than all the world besides.”

When Edward had finished, kisses and kind shakes of the hand were again repeated, and his mother brought out a large slice of harvest cake, with a bottle of her nicest currant wine, to refresh him after his day's march. "You are come," said his father, "at a lucky time, for this is our harvest supper. We shall have some of our neighbours to make merry with us, who will be almost as glad to see you as we are—for you were always a favourite among them."

It was not long before the visitors arrived. The young folks ran to meet them, crying, "Our Edward's come back—Our Edward's come home! Here he is—this is he;" and so, without ceremony, they introduced them. "Welcome!—welcome!—God bless you!" sounded on all sides. Edward knew all the elderly ones at first sight, but the young people puzzled him for a while. At length he recollected this to have been his schoolfellow, and that his companion in driving plough; and he was not

long in finding out his favourite and playfellow Sally, of the next farm house, whom he left a roving girl of fifteen, and now saw a blooming full-formed young woman of three and twenty. He contrived in the evening to get next her; and though she was somewhat reserved at first, they had pretty well renewed their intimacy before the company broke up.

“Health to Edward, and a happy settlement among us,” was the parting toast. When all were retired, the *Returned Wanderer* went to rest in the very room in which he was born, having first paid fervent thanks to Heaven for preserving him to enjoy a blessing the dearest to his heart.

The two Sons.

A LONDON merchant had two sons, James and Richard. James from a boy accustomed himself to every indulgence in his

power, and when he grew up, was quite a fine gentleman. He dressed expensively, frequented public diversions, kept his hunter at a livery stable, and was a member of several convivial clubs. At home, it was almost a footman's sole business to wait on him. He would have thought it greatly beneath him to buckle his own shoes; and if he wanted any thing at the other end of the room, he would ring the bell, and bring a servant up two pair of stairs, rather than rise from his chair to fetch it. He did a little business in the counting-house on forenoons, but devoted all his time after dinner to indolence and amusement.

Richard was a very different character. He was plain in his appearance, and domestic in his way of life. He gave as little trouble as possible, and would have been ashamed to ask assistance in doing what he could easily do for himself. He was assiduous in business, and employed his leisure hours chiefly in reading and acquiring useful knowledge.

Both were still young and unfettled when their father died, leaving behind him a very trifling property. As the young men had not a capital sufficient to follow the same line of mercantile business in which he had been engaged, they were obliged to look out for a new plan of maintenance; and a great reduction of expence was the first thing requisite. This was a severe stroke to James, who found himself at once cut off from all the pleasures and indulgences to which he was so habituated, that he thought life no value without them. He grew melancholy and dejected, hazarded all his little property in lottery tickets, and was quite beggared. Still unable to think of retrieving himself by industry and frugality, he accepted a commission in a new raised regiment ordered for the West Indies, where soon after his arrival he caught a fever and died.

Richard, in the mean time, whose comforts were little impaired by this change of situation, preserved his cheerfulness, and found no dif-

faculty in accomodating himself to his fortune. He engaged himself as clerk in a house his father had been connected with, and lived as frugally as possible upon his salary. It furnished him with decent board, lodging, and clothing, which was all he required, and his hours of leisure were nearly as many as before. A book or a sober friend always sufficed to procure him an agreeable evening. He gradually rose in the confidence of his employers, who increased from time to time his salary and emoluments. Every increase was a source of gratification to him, because he was able to enjoy pleasures which however habit had not made necessary to his comfort. In process of time he was enabled to settle for himself, and passed through life in the enjoyment of that modest competence which best suited his disposition.

Insolence and Cowardice.

AS young Francis was walking through a village with his tutor, they were annoyed by two or three cur dogs, that came running after them with looks of the utmost fury, snarling and barking as if they would tear their throats, and seeming every moment ready to fly upon them. Francis every now then stopped, and shook his stick at them, or stooped down to pick up a stone; upon which the curs retreated as fast as they came; but as soon as he turned about, they were after his heels again. This lasted till they came to a farm-yard through which their road lay. A large mastiff was lying down in it at his ease in the sun. Francis was almost afraid to pass him, and kept as close to his tutor as possible. However, the dog took not the least notice of them.

Presently they came upon a common, where

going near a flock of geese, they were assailed with hissings, and pursued some way by these foolish birds, which stretching out their long necks made a very ridiculous figure. Francis only laughed at them, though he was tempted to give the foremost a switch across his neck. A little further was a herd of cows with a bull among them, upon which Francis looked with some degree of apprehension; but they kept quietly grazing, and did not take their heads from the ground as he passed.

It is a lucky thing, said Francis to his tutor, that mastiffs and bulls are not so quarrelsome as curs and geese; but what can be the reason of it?

The reason (replied his tutor) is, that paltry and contemptible animals, possessing no confidence in their own strength and courage, and knowing themselves liable to injury from most of those that come in their way, think it safest to act the part of bullies, and to make a show of attacking those of whom in reality they are

afraid. Whereas animals which are conscious of force sufficient for their own protection, suspecting no evil designs from others, entertain none themselves, but maintain a dignified composure.

Thus you will find it among mankind. Weak, mean, petty characters are suspicious, snarling, and petulant. They raise an outcry against their superiors in talents and reputation, of whom they stand in awe, and put on airs of defiance and insolence through mere cowardice. But the truly great are calm and inoffensive. They fear no injury, and offer none. They even suffer slight attacks to go unnoticed, conscious of their power to right themselves whenever the occasion shall seem to require it.

Wasp and Bee.

A WASP met a Bee, and said to him, Pray, can you tell me what is the reason

that men are so ill-natured to me, while they are so fond of you? We are both very much alike, only that the broad golden rings about my body make me much handsomer than you are: we are both winged insects, we both love honey, and we both sting people when we are angry; yet men always hate me, and try to kill me, though I am much more familiar with them than you are, and pay them visits in their houses, and at their tea-table, and at all their meals: while you are very shy, and hardly ever come near them: yet they build you curious houses, thatched with straw, and take care of, and feed you, in the winter very often:—I wonder what is the reason.

The Bee said, Because you never do them any good, but, on the contrary, are very troublesome and mischievous; therefore they do not like to see you; but they know that I am busy all day long in making them honey. You had better pay them fewer visits, and try to be useful.

Things to be Learned.

KITTY, Pray, mamma, may I leave off working? I am tired.

Mamma. You have done very little my dear; you know you were to finish all that hem.

K. But I had rather write now, mamma, or read, or get my French grammar.

M. I know very well what that means, Kitty; you had rather do any thing but what I set you about.

K. No, mamma; but you know I can work very well already, and I have a great many other things to learn. There's Miss Rich that cannot sew half so well as I, and she is learning music and drawing already, besides dancing, and I don't know how many other things. She tells me that they hardly work at all in their school.

M. Your tongue runs at a great rate, my

dear; but in the first place, you cannot sew very well, for if you could, you would not have been so long in doing this little piece. Then I hope you will allow, that mammas know better what is proper for their little girls to learn, than they do themselves.

K. To be sure, mamma: but as I suppose I must learn all these things some time or other, I thought you would like to have me begin them soon, for I have often heard you say that children cannot be set too early about what is necessary for them to do.

M. That's very true, but all things are not equally necessary to every one; but some that are very fit for one, are scarcely proper at all for others.

K. Why, mamma?

M. Because, my dear, it is the purpose of all education to fit persons for the station in which they are hereafter to live; and you know there are very great differences in that respect, both among men and women.

K. Are there? I thought all *ladies* lived alike.

M. It is usual to call all well educated women, who have no occasion to work for their livelihood, *ladies*; but if you will think a little, you must see that they live very differently from each other, for their fathers and husbands are in very different ranks and situations in the world, you know.

K. Yes, I know that some are lords, and some are squires, and some are clergymen, and some are merchants, and some are doctors, and some are shopkeepers.

M. Well; and do you think the wives and daughters of all these persons can have just the same things to do, and the same duties to perform? You know how I spend my time. I have to go to market and provide for the family, to look after the servants, to help in taking care of your children, and in teaching you, to see that your clothes are in proper condition, and assist in making and mending for myself,

and you and your papa. All this is my necessary duty ; and besides this, I must go out a visiting to keep up our acquaintance ; this I call partly business, and partly amusement. Then when I am tired, and have done all that I think necessary, I may amuse myself with reading, or in any other proper way. Now a great many of these employments do not belong to Lady Wealthy, or Mrs. Rich, who keep housekeepers and governesses, and servants of all kinds, to do every thing for them. It is very proper, therefore, for them to pay more attention to music, drawing, ornamental work, and any other elegant manner of passing their time, and making themselves agreeable.

K. And shall I have all the same things to do, mamma, that you have ?

M. It is impossible, my dear, to foresee what your future station will be : but you have no reason to expect that if you have a family, you will have fewer duties to perform

than I have. This is the way of life for which your education should prepare you; and every thing will be useful and important for you to learn, in proportion as it will make you fit for this.

K. But when I am grown a young lady, shall not I have to visit, and go to assemblies and plays, as Miss Wilsons and Miss Johnsons do?

M. It is very likely you may enter into some amusements of this sort: but even then you will have several more serious employments, which will take up a much greater part of your time; and if you do not do them properly, you will have no right to partake of the others.

K. What will they be, mamma?

M. Why, don't you think it proper that you should assist me in my household affairs a little, as soon as you are able?

K. O yes, mamma, I should be very glad to do that.

M. Well, consider what talents will be necessary for that purpose; will not a good hand at your needle be one of the very first qualities?

K. I believe it will.

M. Yes, and not only in assisting *me*, but in making things for *yourself*. You know how we admired Miss Smart's ingenuity when she was with us, in contriving and making so many articles of her dress, for which she must otherwise have gone to the milliner's, which would have cost a great deal of money.

K. Yes, she made my pretty bonnet, and she made you a very handsome cap.

M. Very true; she was so clever as not only to furnish herself with these things, but to oblige her friends with some of her work. And I dare say she does a great deal of plain work also for herself and her mother. Well, then, you are convinced of the importance of this business, I hope.

K. Yes, mamma.

M. Reading and writing are such necessary parts of education, that I need not say much to you about them.

K. O no, for I love reading dearly.

M. I know you do, if you can get entertaining stories to read; but there are many things also to be read for instruction, which perhaps may not be so pleasant at first.

K. But what need is there of so many books of this sort?

M. Some are to teach you your duty to your Maker, and your fellow creatures, of which I hope you are sensible you ought not to be ignorant. Then it is very right to be acquainted with geography; for you remember how poor Miss Blunder was laughed at for saying that if ever she went to France, it should be by land.

K. That was because England is an island, and all surrounded with water, was it not?

M. Yes, Great Britain, which contains both England and Scotland, is an island. Well, it

is very useful to know something of the nature of plants, and animals, and minerals, because we are always using some or other of them. Something, too, of the heavenly bodies, is very proper to be known, both that we may admire the power and wisdom of God in creating them, and that we may not make foolish mistakes, when their motions and properties are the subject of conversation. The knowledge of history too is very important, especially that of our own country; and, in short, every thing that makes part of the discourse of rational and well-educated people, ought in some degree to be studied by every one who has proper opportunities.

K. Yes, I like some of those things very well. But pray, mamma, what do I learn French for—am I ever to live in France?

M. Probably not, my dear; but there are a great many books written in French that are very well worth reading; and it may now and then happen that you may be in company with

foreigners who cannot speak English, and as they almost all talk French, you may be able to converse with them in that language.

K. Yes, I remember there was a gentleman here that came from Germany, I think, and he could hardly talk a word of English, but papa and you could talk with him in French; and I wished very much to be able to understand what you were saying, for I believe part of it was about me.

M. It was. Well then, you see the use of French. But I cannot say this is a *necessary* part of knowledge to young women in general, only it is well worth acquiring, if a person has leisure and opportunity. I will tell you, however, what is quite necessary for one in your station, and that is, to write a good hand, and to cast accounts well.

K. I should like to write well, because then I could send letters to my friends when I pleased, and it would not be such a scrawl as our

maid Betty writes, that I dare say her friends can hardly make out.

M. She had not the advantage of learning when young, for you know she taught herself since she came to us, which was a very sensible thing of her, and I suppose she will improve. Well, but accounts are almost as necessary as writing ; for how could I cast up all the market bills, and tradesmen's accounts, and keep my house books without it ?

K. And what is the use of that, mamma ?

M. It is of use to prevent our being overcharged in any thing, and to know exactly how much we spend, and whether or not we are exceeding our income, and in what articles we ought to be more saving. Without keeping accounts, the richest man might soon come to be ruined before he knew that his affairs were going wrong.

K. But do women always keep accounts ? I thought that was generally the business of the men.

M. It is their business to keep the accounts belonging to their trade, or profession, or estate; but it is the business of their wives to keep all the household accounts: and a woman almost in any rank, unless perhaps some of the highest of all, is to blame if she does not take upon her this necessary office. I remember a remarkable instance of the benefit which a young lady derived from an attention to this point. An eminent merchant in London failed for a great sum.

K. What does that mean, mamma?

M. That he owed a great deal more than he could pay. His creditors, that is, those to whom he was indebted, on examining his accounts found great deficiencies which they could not make out; for he had kept his books very irregularly, and had omitted to put down many things which he had bought and sold. They suspected, therefore, that great waste had been made in the family expences; and they were the more suspicious of this, as a daughter,

who was a very genteel young lady, was his housekeeper, his wife being dead. She was told of this ; upon which, when the creditors were all met, she sent them her house books for their examination. They were all written in a very fair hand, and every single article was entered with the greatest regularity, and the sums were all cast up with perfect exactness. The gentlemen were so highly pleased with the proof of the young lady's ability, that they all agreed to make her a handsome present out of the effects ; and one of the richest of them, who was in want of a clever wife, soon after paid his addresses to her, and married her.

K. That was very lucky, for I suppose she took care of her poor father, when she was rich. But I shall have nothing of that sort to do a great while.

M. No; but young women should keep their own accounts of clothes and pocket-money, and

other expences, as I intend you shall do when you grow up.

K. Am I not to learn dancing, and music, and drawing too, mamma?

M. Dancing you shall certainly learn pretty soon, because it is not only an agreeable accomplishment in itself, but is useful in forming the body to ease and elegance in all its motions. As to the other two, they are merely ornamental accomplishments, which though a woman of middling station may be admired for possessing, yet she will never be censured for being without. The propriety of attempting to acquire them must depend on natural genius for them, and upon leisure and other accidental circumstances. For some they are too expensive, and many are unable to make such progress in them as will repay the pains of beginning. It is soon enough, however, for us to think about these things, and at any rate they are not to come in till you have made a very good proficiency in what is useful and necessary. But

see you have now finished what I set you about, so you shall take a walk with me into the market-place, where I have two or three things to buy.

K. Shall not we call at the bookseller's, to inquire for those books that Miss Reader was talking about?

M. Perhaps we may. Now lay up your work neatly, and get on your hat and tippet.

On different Stations in Life

LITTLE Sally Meanwell had one day been to pay an afternoon's visit to Miss Harriet, the daughter of Sir Thomas Pemberton. The evening proving rainy, she was sent home in Sir Thomas's coach; and on her return the following conversation passed between her and her mother.

Mrs. Meanwell. Well, my dear, I hope you have had a pleasant visit.

Sally. O yes, mamma, very pleasant; you cannot think what a great many fine things I have seen. And then it is so charming to ride in a coach!

Mrs. M. I suppose Miss Harriet showed you all her playthings.

Sally. O yes, such fine large dolls, so smartly dressed, as I never saw in my life before. Then she has a baby-house, and all sorts of furniture in it; and a grotto all made of shells, and shining stones. And then she showed me all her fine clothes for the next ball; there's a white slip all full of spangles, and pink ribbons; you can't think how beautiful it looks.

Mrs. M. And what did you admire of all these fine things?

Sally. I don't know—I admired them all; and I think I liked riding in the coach better than all the rest. Why don't we keep a coach, mamma? and why have not I such fine clothes and playthings as Miss Harriet?

Mrs. M. Because we cannot afford it, my

dear. Your papa is not so rich, by a great deal, as Sir Thomas; and if we were to lay out our money upon such things, we should not be able to procure food and raiment and other necessaries for you all.

Sally. But why is not papa as rich as Sir Thomas?

Mrs. M. Sir Thomas had a large estate left him by his father; but your papa has little but what he gains by his own industry.

Sally. But why should not papa be as rich as any body else? I am sure he deserves it as well.

Mrs. M. Do you not think that there are a great many people poorer than he, that are also very deserving?

Sally. Are there?

Mrs. M. Yes, to be sure. Don't you know what a number of poor people there are all around us, who have very few of the comforts we enjoy? What do you think of Plowman the

labourer? I believe you never saw him idle in your life.

Sally. No; he is gone to work long before I am up, and he does not return till almost bed-time, unless it be for his dinner.

Mrs. M. Well; how do you think his wife and children live? Should you like that we should change places with them?

Sally. O no! they are so dirty and ragged.

Mrs. M. They are indeed, poor creatures! but I am afraid they suffer worse evils than that.

Sally. What, mamma?

Mrs. M. Why I am afraid they often do not get as much victuals as they could eat. And then in winter they must be half starved for want of fire and warm clothing. How do you think you could bear all this?

Sally. Indeed I don't know. But I have seen Plowman's wife carry great brown loaves into the house; and I remember once eating some

brown bread and milk, and I thought it very good.

Mrs. M. I believe you would not much like it constantly: besides, they can hardly get enough of that. But you seem to know almost as little of the poor as the young French princess did.

Sally. What was that, mamma?

Mrs. M. Why there had been one year so bad a harvest in France, that numbers of the poor were famished to death. This calamity was so much talked of, that it reached the court, and was mentioned before the young princesses. Dear me! said one of them, how *silly* that was! Why, rather than be famished, I would eat bread and cheese. Her governess was then obliged to acquaint her, that the greatest part of her father's subjects scarcely ever eat any thing better than black bread all their lives; and that vast numbers would now think themselves very happy to get only half their usual pittance of that. Such wretched-

ness as this was what the princess had not the least idea of ; and the account shocked her so much, that she was glad to sacrifice all her finery to afford some relief to the sufferings of the poor.

Sally. But I hope there is nobody famished in our country.

Mrs. M. I hope not, for we have laws by which every person is entitled to relief from the parish, if he is unable to gain a subsistence ; and were there no laws about it, I am sure it would be our duty to part with every superfluity, rather than let a fellow creature perish for want of necessaries.

Sally. Then do you think it was wrong for Miss Pemberton to have all those fine things ?

Mrs. M. No, my dear, if they are suitable to her fortune, and do not consume the money which ought to be employed in more useful things for herself and others.

Sally. But why might not she be contented

with such things as I have ; and give the money that the rest cost to the poor ?

Mrs. M. Because she can afford both to be charitable to the poor, and also to indulge herself in these pleasures. But do you recollect that the children of Mr. White the baker, and Mr. Shape the taylor, might just ask the same questions about you ?

Sally. How so ?

Mrs. M. Are not you as much better dressed, and as much more plentifully supplied with playthings than they are, as Miss Pemberton is than you ?

Sally. Why, I believe I may ; for I remember Polly White was very glad of one of my old dolls ; and Nancy Shape cried for such a sash as mine, but her mother would not let her have one.

Mrs. M. Then you see, my dear, that there are many who have fewer things to be thankful for than *you* have ; and you may also learn what ought to be the true measure of the ex-

peccations of children, and the indulgences of parents.

Sally. I don't quite understand you, mamma.

Mrs. M. Every thing ought to be suited to the station in which we live, or are likely to live, and the wants and duties of it. Your papa and I do not grudge laying out part of our money to promote the innocent pleasure of our children ; but it would be very wrong in us to lay out so much on this account as would oblige us to spare in more necessary articles, as in their education, and the common household expences required in our way of living. Besides, it would be so far from making you happier, that it would be doing you the greatest injury.

Sally. How could that be, mamma ?

Mrs. M. If you were now to be dressed like Miss Pemberton, don't you think you should be greatly mortified at being worse dressed when you came to be a young woman ?

Sally. I believe I should, mamma ; for then

perhaps I might go to assemblies; and to be sure I should like to be as smart then as at any time.

Mrs. M. Well, but it would be still more improper for us to dress you then beyond our circumstances, because your necessary clothes will then cost more, you know. Then if we were now to hire a coach or chair for you to go a visiting in, should you like to leave it off ever afterwards? But you have no reason to expect that you will be able to have those indulgencies when you are a woman. And so it is in every thing else. The more fine things, and the more gratifications you have now, the more you will require hereafter; for custom makes things so familiar to us, that while we enjoy them less, we want them more.

Sally. How is that, mamma?

Mrs. M. Why, don't you think you have enjoyed your ride in the coach this evening more than Miss Harriet would have done?

Sally. I suppose I have; because if Miss

Harriet liked it so well, she would be always riding, for I know she might have the coach whenever she pleased.

Mrs. M. But if you were both told that you were never to ride in a coach again, which would think it the greater hardship? You could walk, you know, as you have always done before; but she would rather stay at home, I believe, than expose herself to the cold wind, and trudge through the wet and dirt in pattens.

Sally. I believe so too; and now, mamma, I see that all you have told me is very right.

Mrs. M. Well, my dear, let it dwell upon your mind, so as to make you cheerful and contented in your station, which you see is so much happier than that of many and many other children. So now we will talk no more on this subject.

The Contented Boy.

MR. L. was one morning riding by himself, when, dismounting to gather a plant in the hedge, his horse got loose and galloped away before him. He followed, calling the horse by his name, which stopt, but on his approach set off again. At length a little boy in a neighbouring field, seeing the affair, ran across where the road made a turn, and getting before the horse, took him by the bridle, and held him till his owner came up. Mr. L. looked at the boy, and admired his ruddy cheerful countenance. Thank you, my good lad! (said he) you have caught my horse very cleverly. What shall I give you for your trouble? (putting his hand into his pocket).

I want nothing, Sir, answered the boy.

Mr. L. Don't you? so much the better for you. Few men can say as much. But pray what were you doing in the field?

B. I was rooting up weeds, and tending the sheep that are feeding on the turnips.

Mr. L. And do you like this employment?

B. Yes, very well, this fine weather.

Mr. L. But had you not rather play?

B. This is not hard work ; it is almost as good as play.

Mr. L. Who set you to work ?

B. My daddy, Sir.

Mr. L. Where does he live?

B. Just by, among the trees there.

Mr. L. What is his name ?

B. Thomas Hurdle.

Mr. L. And what is yours ?

B. Peter, Sir.

Mr. L. How old are you ?

B. I shall be eight at Michaelmas.

Mr. L. How long have you been out in this field ?

B. Ever since six in the morning.

Mr. L. And are not you hungry ?

B. Yes—I shall go to my dinner soon.

Mr. L. If you had sixpence now, what would you do with it?

B. I don't know. I never had so much in my life.

Mr. L. Have you no playthings?

B. Playthings! what are those?

Mr. L. Such as balls, nine pins, marbles, tops, and wooden horses.

B. No, Sir; but our Tom makes footballs to kick in the cold weather, and we set traps for birds; and then I have a jumping pole and a pair of stilts to walk through the dirt with; and I had a hoop, but it is broke.

Mr. L. And do you want nothing else?

B. No. I have hardly time for those; for I always ride the horses to field, and bring up the cows, and run to the town of errands, and that is as good as play, you know.

Mr. L. Well, but you could buy apples or gingerbread at the town, I suppose if you had money?

B. O—I can get apples at home; and as for

gingerbread, I don't mind it much, for my mammy gives me a pye now and then, and that is as good.

Mr. L. Would not you like a knife to cut sticks?

B. I have one—here it is—brother Tom, gave it me.

Mr. L. Your shoes are all full of holes—don't you want a better pair?

B. I have a better pair for Sundays.

Mr. L. But these let in water.

B. O, I dont care for that.

Mr. L. Your hat is all torn, too.

B. I have a better at home, but I had as lieve have none at all, for it hurts my head.

Mr. L. What do you do when it rains?

B. If it rains very hard, I get under the hedge till it is over.

Mr. L. What do you do when you are hungry before it is time to go home?

B. I sometimes eat a raw turnip.

Mr. L. But f there are none?

B. Then I do as well as I can; I work on and never think of it.

Mr. L. Are you not dry sometimes this hot weather?

B. Yes, but there is water enough.

Mr. L. Why, my little fellow, you are quite a philosopher!

B. Sir?

Mr. L. I say, you are a philosopher, but I am sure you do not know what that means.

B. No, Sir—no harm, I hope.

Mr. L. No, no! (*laughing.*) Well, my boy, you seem to want nothing at all, so I shall not give you money to make you want any thing. But were you ever at school?

B. No, Sir, but daddy says I shall go after harvest.

Mr. L. You will want books then.

B. Yes, the boys have all a spelling book and a testament.

Mr. L. Well then, I will give you them—tell your daddy so, and that it is because

thought you a very good contented little boy.
So now go to your sheep again.

B. I will, Sir. Thank you.

Mr. L. Good bye, Peter.

B. Good bye, Sir.

The Faithful Dog.

“**W**HAT shall I do,” said a very little dog one day to his mother, “to show my gratitude to our good master, and make myself of some value to him? I cannot draw or carry burdens, like the horse; nor give him milk, like the cow; nor lend him my covering for his clothing, like the sheep; nor produce him eggs, like the poultry; nor catch mice and rats so well as the cat. I cannot divert him with singing, like the canaries and linnets; nor can I defend him against robbers, like our relation Towzer. I should not be of use to him even if I were dead, as the hogs are. I

am a poor insignificant creature, not worth the cost of keeping ; and I don't see that I can do a single thing to entitle me to his regard." So saying, the poor little Dog hung down his head in silent despondency.

" My dear child," replied his mother, " tho' your abilities are but small, yet a hearty good-will is sufficient to supply all defects. Do but love him dearly, and prove your love by all the means in your power, and you will not fail to please him."

The little Dog was comforted with this assurance ; and on his master's approach, ran to him, licked his feet, gamboled before him, and every now and then stopped, wagging his tail, and looking up to his master with expressions of the most humble and affectionate attachment. The master observed him. Ah ! little Fido, said he, you are an honest, good-natured little fellow !—and stooped down to pat his head. Poor Fido was ready to go out of his wits with joy.

Fido was now his master's constant companion in his walks, playing and skipping round him, and amusing him by a thousand sportive tricks. He took care, however, not to be troublesome by leaping on him with dirty paws, nor would he follow him into the parlour, unless invited. He also attempted to make himself useful by a number of little services. He would drive away the sparrows as they were stealing the chickens meat; and would run and bark with the utmost fury at any strange pigs or other animals that offered to come into the yard. He kept the poultry, geese, and pigs, from straying beyond their bounds, and particularly from doing mischief in the garden. He was always ready to alarm Towzer if there was any suspicious noise about the house, day or night. If his master pulled off his coat in the field to help his workmen, as he would sometimes do, Fido always sat by it, and would not suffer either man or beast to touch it. By this means he came to

be considered as a very trusty protector of his master's property.

His master was once confined to his bed with a dangerous illness. Fido planted himself at the chamber door, and could not be persuaded to leave it, even to take food ; and as soon as his master was so far recovered as to sit up, Fido, being admitted into the room, ran up to him with such marks of excessive joy and affection, as would have melted any heart to behold. This circumstance wonderfully endeared him to his master ; and some time after he had an opportunity of doing him a very important service. One hot day after dinner, his master was sleeping in a summer-house, with Fido by his side. The building was old and crazy ; and the Dog, who was faithfully watching his master, perceived the walls shake, and pieces of mortar fall from the ceiling. He comprehended the danger, and began barking to awake his master ; and this not sufficing, he jumped up, and gently bit his finger. The master,

upon this, started up, and had just time to get out of the door before the whole building fell down. Fido, who was behind, got hurt by some rubbish which fell upon him; on which his master had him taken care of with the utmost tenderness, and ever after acknowledged his obligation to this little animal as the preserver of his life. Thus his love and fidelity had their full reward.

Moral. The poorest man may repay his obligations to the richest and greatest by faithful and affectionate service—the meanest creature may obtain the favour and regard of the Creator himself, by humble gratitude, and steadfast obedience.

Genuine Heroism.

YOU have read, my Edmund, the stories of Achilles, and Alexander, and Charles of Sweden, and have, I doubt not, admired that

high courage which seemed to set them above all sensations of fear, and rendered them capable of the most extraordinary actions. The world calls these men *heroes*; but before we give them that noble appellation, let us consider what were the motives which animated them to act and suffer as they did.

The first was a ferocious savage, governed by the passions of anger and revenge, in gratifying which he disregarded all impulses of duty and humanity. The second was intoxicated with the love of glory—swollen with absurd pride—and enslaved by dissolute pleasures; and in pursuit of these objects he reckoned the blood of millions as of no account. The third was unfeeling, obstinate, and tyrannical, and preferred ruining his country, and sacrificing all his faithful followers, to the humiliation of giving up any of his mad projects. *Self*, you see, was the spring of all their conduct; and a *selfish man* can never be a hero. I will give you two examples of genuine heroism, one

shown in acting, the other in suffering; and these shall be *true stories*, which is perhaps more than can be said of half that is recorded of Achilles and Alexander.

You have probably heard something of Mr. Howard, the reformer of prisons. to whom a monument is just erected in St. Paul's church. His whole life almost was heroism; for he confronted all sorts of dangers with the sole view of relieving the miseries of his fellow-creatures. When he began to examine the state of prisons, scarcely any in this country was free from a very fatal and infectious distemper called the gaol-fever. Wherever he heard of it, he made a point of seeing the poor sufferers, and often went down into their dungeons when the keepers themselves would not accompany him. He travelled several times over almost the whole of Europe, and even into Asia, in order to gain knowledge of the state of prisons and hospitals, and point out means for lessening the calamities that prevail in them. He even went

into countries where the plague was, that he might learn the best methods of treating that terrible contagious disease; and he voluntarily exposed himself to perform a strict quarantine, as one suspected of having the infection of the plague, only that he might be thoroughly acquainted with the methods used for prevention. He at length died of a fever caught in attending on the sick, on the borders of Grim Tartary, honoured and admired by all Europe, after having greatly contributed to enlighten his own and many other countries with respect to some of the most important objects of humanity. Such was *Howard the Good*; as great a hero in preserving mankind, as some of the false heroes above-mentioned were in destroying them.

My second hero is a much humbler, but not less genuine one.

There was a journeyman bricklayer in this town—an able workman, but a very drunken fellow, who spent at the alehouse almost

all he earned, and left his wife and children to shift for themselves as they could. This is, unfortunately, a common case; and of all the tyranny and cruelty exercised in the world, I believe that of bad husbands and fathers is by much the most frequent and the worst.

The family might have starved, but for his eldest son, whom from a child the father brought up to help him in his work; and who was so industrious and attentive, that being now at the age of thirteen or fourteen, he was able to earn pretty good wages, every farthing of which, that he could keep out of his father's hands, he brought to his mother. And when his brute of a father came home drunk, cursing and swearing, and in such an ill humour that his mother and the rest of the children durst not come near him for fear of a beating, this good lad (*Tom* was his name) kept near him, to pacify him, and get him quietly to bed. His mother, therefore, justly looked upon *Tom*

as the support of the family, and loved him dearly.

It chanced that one day, *Tom* in climbing up a high ladder with a load of mortar on his head, missed his hold, and fell down to the bottom on a heap of bricks and rubbish. The bystanders ran up to him and found him all bloody, and with his thigh broken and bent quite under him. They raised him up, and sprinkled water in his face to recover him from a swoon in which he had fallen. As soon as he could speak, looking round, with a lamentable tone, he cried, "O, what will become of my poor mother?"

He was carried home. I was present while the surgeon set his thigh. His mother was hanging over him half-distracted. "Don't cry, mother! (said he) I shall get well again in time." Not a word more, or a groan, escaped while the operation lasted.

There was a ragged boy that could not read

or write—yet *Tom* has always stood on my list of heroes.

The Employment of Time.

MRS. Harcourt. An early habit of trifling is difficult to be subdued, and should be carefully avoided; thousands are rendered unhappy by it; for having never been accustomed to exercise their faculties, as they grow up, they find every thing fatiguing that requires reflection, and as the mind cannot rest wholly inactive, they fly from one trifling, useless pursuit to another; always tired of themselves, and rendering no benefit to others; but a well regulated mind is marked by the judicious disposal of time, converting even amusement into instruction. Nature and art present so many objects, calculated to amuse and interest, that none but the idle need want a succession of employment.

Augusta. Pray, have the kindness to instruct me how to fill up my time. I am often so much at a loss what to do with myself, that I wish for night to put an end to the long day. As soon as my lessons are over, and nothing can be more tiresome than they are, I am without employment, and wander about without knowing what to do with myself. My governess says, that I must not be troublesome to her, after I have finished my tasks; so I have no body to converse with, nor any thing to amuse me, but playing about, till I am tired.

Mrs. Harcourt. Come to us every evening; I hope our conversations will furnish you with many sources of entertainment for your leisure hours. I am willing to point out whatever may occur worthy your further attention, and, by strictly adhering to a few simple rules, you will find the day become as short as you wish it.

Augusta. Pray give me these rules. I shall willingly adopt them.

Mrs. Harcourt. Perhaps it will not be so easy at first as you imagine ; ill habits are difficult to surmount ; but by degrees it will become familiar, and in time agreeable. In the first place, never be unemployed ; read, draw, work, walk, and accustom yourself to observe every thing you see with attention ; consider how they are made, what the materials are, and where they come from. If you are unable to discover the answers, keep a little book, and make a memorandum of what you want to know, and we will endeavour to give you information. This alone will fill many an hour, that now passes tediously away.

Augusta. I thank you for these directions, and will begin to-morrow.

The Honest Boy and the Thief.

CHARLES was the name of the honest boy, and Ned was the name of the

thief. Charles never touched what was not his own; *this* is being an honest boy:—Ned often took what was not his own; this is being a thief. Charles's father and mother, when he was a very little boy, had taught him to be honest, by always punishing him when he meddled with what was not his own: but when Ned took what was not his own, his father and mother did not punish him; so he grew up to be a thief.

Early one summer's morning, as Charles was going along the road to school, he met a man leading a horse which was laden with panniers. The man stopped at the door of a public house which was by the road side; and he said to the landlord, who came to the door, "I won't have my horse unloaded, I shall only stop with you whilst I eat my breakfast; give my horse to some one to hold here on the road, and let the horse have a little hay to eat." The landlord called, but there was no one in the way; so he beckoned to Charles,

who was going by, and begged him to hold the horse. "Oh," said the man, but can you engage him to be an honest boy? for these are oranges in my baskets; and it is not every little boy one can leave with oranges."—"Yes," said the landlord, "I have known Charles from the cradle upwards, and I never caught him in a lie or a theft; all the parish knows him to be an honest boy; I'll engage your oranges will be as safe with him, as if you were by yourself."—"Can you so?" said the orange-man; "then I'll engage, my lad, to give you the finest orange in my basket, when I come from breakfast, if you'll watch the rest whilst I am away."—"Yes," said Charles, "I *will* take care of your oranges." So the man put the bridle into his hand, and he went into the house to eat his breakfast.

Charles had watched the horse and the oranges about five minutes, when he saw one of his schoolfellows coming towards him; as he came

nearer, Charles saw that it was Ned. Ned stopped as he passed, and said—

“ Good morrow to you, Charles ; what are you doing there ? whose horse is that ? and what have you got in the baskets ? ” — “ There are oranges in the baskets,” said Charles ; “ and a man, who has just gone into the inn here to eat his breakfast, bid me take care of them, and so I did ; because he said he would give me an orange when he came back again.”

“ An orange ! ” cried Ned ; “ are you to have a whole orange ? — I wish I was to have one ! However, let me look how large they are.” Saying this, Ned went towards the pannier, and lifted up the cloth that covered it. “ La ! what fine oranges ! ” he exclaimed the moment he saw them. “ Let me touch them to feel if they are ripe.”

“ No,” said Charles, “ you had better not ; what signifies it to you whether they are ripe, you know, since you are not to eat them ? You should not meddle with them, they are not

yours,—you must not touch them.” “Not touch them! surely,” said Ned, “there’s harm in *touching* them. You don’t think I mean to steal them, I suppose.” So Ned put his hand into the orange-man’s basket, and he took up an orange, and he felt it; and when he had felt it, he smelled it. “It smells very sweet,” said he, “and it feels very ripe; I long to taste it; I will only just suck one drop of juice at the top.” Saying these words, he put the orange to his mouth.

Little boys, who wish to be honest, beware of temptation; do not depend too much upon yourselves; and remember, that it is easier to resolve to do right at first than at last. People are led on by little and little to do wrong.

The *sight* of the oranges tempted Ned to *touch* them; the touch tempted him to *smell* them; and the smell tempted him to *taste* them.

“What are you about, Ned?” cried Charles,

taking hold of his arm. " You said, you only wanted to smell the orange;—no! put it down, for shame!"

" Don't say *for shame* to me," cried Ned, in a surly tone; the oranges are not your's, Charles!"—" No, they are not mine, but I promised to take care of them, and so I will:—so put down that orange!"

" Oh, if it comes to that, I won't," said Ned, " and let us see who can make me, if I don't choose it;—I'm stronger than you!"

" I am not afraid of you for all that," replied Charles, " for I am in the right." Then he snatched the orange out of Ned's hand, and he pushed him with all his force from the basket. Ned, immediately returning, hit him a violent blow, which almost stunned him. Still, however, this good boy, without minding the pain, persevered in defending what was left in his care; he still held the bridle with one hand, and covered the basket with his other arm, as well as he could. Ned struggled in vain to

get his hands into the pannier again ; he could not ; and finding that he could not win by strength, he had recourse to cunning. So he pretended to be out of breath and to desist ; but he meant, as soon as Charles looked away, to creep softly round to the basket on the other side. Cunning people, though they think themselves very wise, are almost always very silly,

Ned, intent upon one thing, the getting round to steal the oranges, forgot that if he went too close to the horse's heels, he should startle him. The horse indeed, disturbed by the bustle near him, had already left off eating his hay, and began to put down his ears ; but when he felt something touch his hind legs, he gave a sudden kick, and Ned fell backwards, just as he had seized the orange.

Ned screamed with the pain ; and at the scream all the people came out of the public house to see what was the matter ; and amongst them came the orange-man.

Ned was now so much ashamed, that he almost forgot the pain, and wished to run away; but he was so much hurt, that he was obliged to sit down again. The truth of the matter was soon told by Charles, and as soon believed by all the people present who knew him; for he had the character of being an honest boy, and Ned was known to be a thief and a liar.

So nobody pitied Ned for the pain he felt. "He deserves it," says one. "Why did he meddle with what was not his own?"—"Pugh! he is not much hurt, I'll answer for it," said another. "And if he was, it's a lucky kick for him, if it keeps him from the gallows," says a third. Charles was the only person who said nothing; he helped Ned away to a bank. For brave boys are always good natured.

"Oh, come here," said the orange-man, calling him; "come here my honest lad! what! you got that black eye in keeping my oranges, did you?—that's a stout little fellow," said he, taking him by the hand, and leading him into

the midst of the people. Men, women, and children, had gathered around, and all the children fixed their eyes upon Charles, and wished to be in his place.

In the mean time the orange-man took Charles's hat off his head, and filled it with fine China oranges. "There, my little friend," said he, "take them, and God bless you with them! If I could but afford it, you should have all that is in my basket."

Then the people, and especially the children, shouted for joy; but as soon as there was silence, Charles said to the orange-man, "Thank'e, master, with all my heart; but I can't take your oranges, only that one I earned;—take the rest back again: as for a black-eye, that's nothing! but I won't be paid for it, no more than for doing what's honest. So I can't take your oranges, master; but I thank you as much as if I had them." Saying these words, Charles offered to pour the oranges back into the basket, but the man would not let him.

“Then,” said Charles, “if they are honestly mine, I may give them away;” so he emptied the hat amongst the children his companions. “Divide them amongst you,” said he; and without waiting for their thanks, he pressed through the crowd, and ran towards home. The children all followed him, clapping their hands, and thanking him.

The little thief came limping after. Nobody praised him, nobody thanked him; he had no oranges to eat, nor had he any to give away. *People must be honest, before they can be generous.* Ned sighed as he went towards home; “And all this,” said he to himself, “was for one orange; it was not worth while.” No. It is never worth while to do wrong. Little boys who read this story, consider which would you rather have been, *the honest boy, or the thief?*

END OF PART III.

